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HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by
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Moderately slow-with Reggae flavor

Quasi Guitar

The musical score is written for guitar, piano, and voice. The guitar part is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It features a reggae-influenced rhythm with a prominent bass line and a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggios. The vocal melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics that tell a story of a mysterious night in a desert hotel.

Lyrics:

On a dark des - ert high-way, cool wind in my hair;
There she stood in the door-way; I heard the mis - sion bell; —

warm smell of co - li - tas, ri - sing up through the air.
and I was think - in' to my - self, "This could be Heav - en or this could be Hell."

Up a - head in the dis - tance I saw a shim - mer - ing light,
Then she lit up a can - dle and she showed me the way.

Guitar Chords:

- Bm7
- F#m
- A
- E9
- G
- D

Performance Notes:

- mf* (mezzo-forte) for the guitar part.
- Triplet markings (3) are used for the guitar and piano accompaniment in several places.

My head grew hea-vy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night.
There were voi-ces down the cor-ri-dor,

I thought I heard them say, 1.2. Wel-come to the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-

nia, such a love-ly place, (such a love-ly place) such a

love-ly face.— 8va bassa— loco
Plen-ty of room— at the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-
2. They liv-in' if up— at the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-





To Coda

nia. — An - y time of year, — you can find it here. —
 nia. — What a nice sur-prise — (an - y time of year) — bring your
 (what a nice sur-prise) —

8va bassa — loco




Her mind is Tif - fan - y - twist - ed; she got the Mer-ce-des bends.
 So I called up the Cap - tain, "Please bring me my wine." He said,




She got a lot of pret-ty, — pret-ty boys — that she calls friends. —
 "We have-n't had that spir - it here — since nine-teen six - ty nine." —




How they dance in the court - yard, sweet — sum-mer sweat.
 And still those voi-ces are call - ing from far — a - way, —

Em7 F#7 D. S. al Coda

Some dance to re-mem - ber, some dance to for-get.
wake you up in the mid-dle of the night just to hear them say,

Coda F#7 Bm7 F#7

al-i-bis. Mir-rors on the ceil - ling; the pink cham-pagne on ice, and she said,

A E9 G

"We are all just pris-on-ers here of our own de-vice." And in the mas-ter's cham-bers

D Em7 F#7

they gath-ered for the feast. They stab it with their steel-y knives but they just can't kill the beast.

Bm7 F#7

3 3

Last thing I re - mem - ber I was run - ning for the door,

A E9

I had to find the pas-sageback to the place I was be-fore. _____

G D

"Re-lax" said the night man, "We are pro-grammed to re-ceive.

Em7 F#7

D. S. al fade on Chorus

You can check out an - y time you like, but you can — nev - er leave."